Miſ.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am *I* miſtooke in you?

Miſ.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that hee ſayes is heere now in the houſe, by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence, you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not, ſo, *I* hope.

Miſt.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, *I* come before to tell you, if you know your ſelfe cleere, why *I* am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall *I* doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend, and *I* feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. *I* had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee be of any reaſonable ſtature, hee may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford He's too big to go in there, what ſhall *I* doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counſell, ile in.

Miſt.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?* Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer———

M.Page. Helpe to couer your Maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt. *Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford.